

## **Corinna by pookiestheone**

**Series:** Drabbles [5]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Angst, Comfort, Death, Gen, M/M, but not Billy or Steve

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

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**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 580

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

The song is “Corinna, Corinna” by Ray Peterson, released in 1960

[Youtube](#)

## Corinna

The is a sequel to [When He's Ready](#)

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“Did you ever have a dog?”

Billy’s question came out of nowhere. They were on the sofa in Steve’s living room, Billy lying with his head in his lap while Steve toyed absentmindedly with strand of his hair. With Steve’s parents away once again, they had the place to themselves for the weekend.

“What type of question is that?”

“Just a question.”

“No, no dogs.” He paused. “But I had a rabbit. Bugs.”

Billy snorted. “You named your rabbit Bugs?”

Steve pulled gently on the hair he had twisted around his finger.

“I was eight. There were cartoons.”

“Bugs.” Billy’s head shook Steve’s lap as he laughed before he went quiet for a moment.

“We had a dog. Charlie. When I was a kid. It was Mom’s dog before she married Neil. Just a pup then. Loved that dog.” Billy lay silently, remembering. “After mom died Neil had him done away with. I mean Charlie was old and a bit slow, but he was fine.”

“I’m sorry.” Steve stroked his forehead.

“Fucker never would have touched Charlie if mom was still living.” He shifted so he could look up at Steve. “Is it dumb that I still miss him?”

“Of course not.” He knew this wasn’t just about the dog so he waited.

“My mom was called Corinna. Or Cori. I like Corinna better. She

always used to say that when that Ray Peterson song came out in the sixties she thought it was for her. Used to play the 45 for me over and over on an old portable record player she had. I can still see the label.”

Steve didn’t know what song he was talking about but made a note to find out.

“Hard to believe we were actually happy. She was funny, quiet and easy-going, but tough. Kept Neil in check.”

Billy sat up and Steve raised his arm so he could pull him into his side.

“She got sick when I was about ten. Fought like a bitch for two years. ‘I’m going to beat this, Billy.’” He sighed and the breath rattled in his chest. “Of course she didn’t.”

He put his head against Steve’s chest.

“That photo in my locker was taken a month before she died. I didn’t want her to go, but I didn’t want her to keep suffering.”

Billy was crying quietly now; Steve just squeezed his shoulder and let him. After a minute he sighed again.

“Neil gave all her things away, even the record player. And the record. Then just before he married Susan I found out he destroyed all the photos with her in them. Why would he do that? He missed that one because I had it at hidden away for some reason, maybe I somehow guessed. Now I don’t keep it anywhere he can find it. So I’ve got that photo and this,” he lifted the medal he wore on the chain around his neck. “That’s it.”

“I’m sorry, Billy. I’m sorry there’s nothing I can do to take any of that away. I wish I could make it not hurt so much.”

“You’re the first person I’ve told this, you know. There’s never been anyone else I wanted to.” He sat up straight. “Can we get to bed now? Not to fuck, just to ...”

Steve stood up and took his hand. As they climbed the stairs he knew

he was going to find that record.

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